

# No Spiritual Surrender (feat. Sick Jacken)

Vinnie Paz

I don't know why y'all scared now, this ain't a new game\*  
Christians been raping children over in Ukraine  
I don't indulge in small talk, it's only true pain  
I don't divulge the plan ahk, I fuck with Hussein  
Acid is falling from the sky, fuck a new reign  
This is a flammable liquified gas butane  
Muggs gave me audio heroin, hit the blue vein  
I ain't even Vinnie no more, Evil my new name  
I'm like Elijah Muhammad carrying thoughts afar  
Laws of nature and mathematical charts of god  
I'm taking everything letting you faggot authors starve  
War criminals are becoming the arbiters of law  
And y'all are fouler than swallowing pork  
Real talk, free speech under foreign assault  
And y'all are burying your head in the dirt  
The heavy metal king hold big shit, hit your head with the lock  
This shit is (raw), the Jedi Mind's (raw)  
It's war with the metaphor and you ain't seen a storm before  
You ain't Pac, get the fuck out of the underground floor  
It's over, homie you ain't got no love anymore  
Do it (raw), the Psychorealm's (raw)  
This war's gonna end all, you ain't seen a storm before  
I ain't taking this shit no more  
We approach with a white skull when we assassinating y'all I'm the father of anything that's  
been done before  
I was sparring with you, I ain't even begun the war  
I like darkness, I don't know what the sun is for  
Y'all have small hammers, y'all must be the son of Thor  
Don't need hands, telepathically the gun will draw  
That's the reason that you motherfuckers is running for  
I saw the angel Gabriel y'all who we coming for  
Y'all lock your part the same hell when I confronted y'all  
I can ascend without any physical death  
I can repent without any physical breath  
To me it's not a discussion it's invisible chess  
And if the vodka not Russian then it ain't hitting the chest  
I can talk about guns, drugs, deading your shit  
I can talk about the Torah and dimensional shifts  
The power of the almighty is what's sent through my lips  
The power of the almighty when the sentinel spits  
This shit is (raw), the Jedi Mind's (raw)  
It's war with the metaphor and you ain't seen a storm before

You ain't Pac, get the fuck out of the underground floor  
It's over, homie you ain't got no love anymore  
Do it (raw), the Psychorealm's (raw)  
This war's gonna end all, you ain't seen a storm before  
I ain't taking this shit no more  
We approach with a white skull when we assassinating y'all I'm the complete rapper, the seventh  
son of the beast master  
My heart is bigger than anyone and it beats faster  
I'm a fucking king getting better with each chapter  
Kiss the fucking ring, you'd better agree bastard  
A sucker MC like to think [? ] classic  
I'm not a fucking star yet but the seed planted  
Energy of god head, Vinnie P tantric  
I'm capable of levitating and speak Sanskrit  
Yeah, and that's all part of the perfect machine  
Part of perfect precision, part of the perfect regime  
Part of purpose and the part of the work on my Deen  
Perform wudhu make salah now the surface is clean  
Everything meticulous, Vinnie's work is pristine  
Fuck with me you'll take a trip under earth with the queen  
I give a fuck about a critic, I'm searching for cream  
My shit is filled with hollow tips so it bursts in ya spleen This shit is (raw), the Jedi Mind's (raw)  
It's war with the metaphor and you ain't seen a storm before  
You ain't Pac, get the fuck out of the underground floor  
It's over, homie you ain't got no love anymore  
Do it (raw), the Psychorealm's (raw)  
This war's gonna end all, you ain't seen a storm before  
I ain't taking this shit no more  
We approach with a white skull when we assassinating y'all  
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